



A Little Goes A Long Way

By Melvyn Newton

It was a great day. We'd heard that Jesus was near the lake and mum and dad had said I could go, and I stayed all day listening to him. There were thousands of us there. But I felt really bad when everyone started getting hungry. I had two fish and five bread rolls in my bag and the people around me had nothing. Nobody seemed that bothered really. No-one wanted to go home, no matter how hungry they were. But the disciples were getting worried. Eventually, they came round asking if anyone had any food to share. I didn't mind giving them mine, but it wasn't going to go far, and I was the only one who gave them some food. The disciples looked even more worried.

But not Jesus. He took the fish and bread rolls out of my bag. He told the disciples to get everyone to sit in big groups and then he held my food up and spoke to God. Then he started tearing the bread and fish into pieces, and he kept on going. There was no end to it. The disciples were scurrying to and fro with whatever plates and baskets they could find, taking bread and fish to the groups. I saw a miracle with my very own eyes, but Jesus made it seem so ordinary. He just kept on tearing at the bread and pulling the fish into strips.

Eventually, everyone had enough to eat. More than enough actually, because when we all got up to leave, the disciples came round to tidy up. They filled their big baskets with leftover bread and fish. It looked like enough to feed everyone all over again. All from my little picnic. I loved listening to Jesus that day, and I love the way he sorts things out.